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IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

P. C. C. Minstrel Overture and Dance a Grand Success.

The Stage Setting the Most Brilliant Spectacle Ever Witnessed in the City.

The minstrels of the Portsmouth Cycle club presented their annual overture on Friday evening in Philbrick hall before an audience that occupied all the floor seats and left few vacant in the balconies. The performance was beyond any adverse criticism. Excellent as was the club's debut in minstrelsy last year, it was squarely overlapped at all corners by this second production. The completeness of detail and smoothness of execution Friday evening appeared so strongly to the audience that it instilled upon the reputation of a large portion of the programme.

Everything from the opening number to the finale was signalized by an enthusiasm on the part of the performers that made failure impossible. All confusion was eliminated by the experience of last year's overture and by the most faithful rehearsals. The boys had worked with a vim to achieve success and the hundreds of patrons agree that they reached the top notch in the scale.

The performance opened dramatically. After the orchestral prelude, all the lights in the hall were suddenly extinguished. Then, while the chorus (already in their places, behind the curtain) sang "Sailor Beware," a myriad of electric bulbs burst, as one, into red, white and blue radiance on the stage, and through the cloth of the screen was outlined a great anchor, sloping from the platform to the flag-draped wall. With the closing bars of the song, the curtain slipped aside, revealing the most novel and striking setting for a first part ever seen in this city.

No professional companies have ever surpassed it in music hall. Some may have presented a setting more elegant, but never more effective or brilliant. The anchor was swathed in cloth and rested on a raised extension of the stage with shiny black surface. The flukes were down near the stage proper. Every inch, almost, of the anchor sparkled with tiny lights, so thick and varied in color that they bewildered the eye at first glance. In the angles of stock, shank and crown sat the fifty members of the chorus, garbed in sailor trousers and blouses of white.

The interlocutor, Mr. Clifford T. Pike, appeared, natty in the cap and coat of an admiral and spotless gloves, and with a flashing sword, and took his seat at the base of the anchor. He introduced the young men of the half-circle, whose chairs were ranged at his right and left. The orchestra's position was on the floor of the hall, thus making three tiers. The whole effect thrilled the audience to prolonged applause. The sloping extension acted as a big sounding board, throwing the voices of the chorus out above stage and orchestra in one clear, compact volume of melody.

The manipulators of the bones were: Mr. Jack Kelly, Mr. Horace Rowe, Mr. J. Willard Kehoe, Mr. John S. Tilton, Jr.; Wielders of the Sheepskin, Mr. Albert Nickerson, Mr. Wm. Mitchell, Mr. Louis Barutis, Mr. Everett Bickford.

The grand opening overture, arranged and adapted by Mr. Alex. Bilbruck, the musical director, went in dashing time. The remainder of the programme was as follows:

PART ONE.

FIRST PART.

- a. Opening Introductory for Bones and Tambour.
- b. Opening Ensemble by Grand Chorus of Sixty Male Voices.
- c. Waltz from "The Sorcerer."
- d. "Ely Grogan's Cake Walk."
- e. "Tant Likely no Nigger's wine to make a fool of me."
- f. "Mamma's Pumpkin Colored Corn," Lullaby.
- g. Solo by Master Frank Trueman, Boy Soprano.
- h. "My Creole Song," Tenor Obligato, Mr. Bertier Barrus.

SECOND PART.

- a. "Why don't you get a lady of your own."
- b. "My Honolulu Lady."
- c. "My Ann Elizer."

PART TWO.

1. "Zyngere's Sandy," Cake Walk Song, Mr. Jack Kelly.

2. Ballad, "My Old New Hampshire Home," Master Freeman Caswell, Boy Baritone.
3. "I don't allow no corn to hurt my feelings," Mr. Albert Nickerson.
4. Ballad, "Your God comes first," Your Country next; then Mother Dear," Mr. Fred Lacey, the noted baritone of the Portsmouth Cycle Club. (Exit Messrs. Kelly and Nickerson.)
5. PART THREE.
- Entrance of Messrs. Rowe and Mitchell.
1. "I guess I'll have to telegraph my baby," Mr. Horace Rowe.
2. Creole Love Song, "Be ma honey gal," Mr. John Mitchell, Tenor.
3. "My gal's done wrong," Mr. William Mitchell.
4. Descriptive Ballad, "Just for the sake of our daughter," Mr. Ellerson, the Popular Tenor of the National Cycle Club of Haverhill.
5. Grand Finale, "At a Georgia Camp Meeting," Chorus.

Among all the songs, not one was a hack number. The songs of the ends were reasonable and free of the vulgarity and offensive suggestiveness that too often blot a black-face performance. The local hits were spicy and cleverly selected.

Master Trueman was decidedly good in his charming little lullaby. Mr. Barrus' obligato share was brief, but the audience liked his singing. Jack Kelly would rather sing a "coon" song than eat the best turkey dinner, and he put his characteristic drollery into his cake walk ditty. Bert Nickerson sang a catchy song and made the most of it. Messrs. Caswell and John Mitchell were "just the thing" in their sweet ballads. Mr. Varney and Mr. Ellerson proved valuable acquisitions to the programme.

The "star" end men were Messrs. Rowe and William Mitchell. Anyhow, they supplanted the first pair in the end chairs, and that is what the premiers are supposed to do. They certainly made a star entrance, bobbing up through two large stars on either side the shank of the anchor, and coming down the steps to the stage. These two chaps had bottled up their humor for seven long weeks and they let it all out in their songs and jokes Friday evening. The monologue by Jack Adams was an entertaining feature of the evening.

The audience consisted largely of the city's elite. Its appreciation was shown by the frequent and spontaneous applause. Several floral tributes were handed up over the footlights.

The executive staff of the affair was as follows:

- | | |
|---|---|
| Manager, | Mr. Fred Huntress |
| (Originator of Stage Settings) | |
| Assistant Manager, | Mr. William Barsante |
| Treasurer, | Mr. Frank Tilton |
| Assistant Treasurer, | Mr. Wallace Crompton |
| Musical Director, | Mr. Alex. Bilbruck |
| (Arranger of Music for Orchestra and Chorus) | |
| Stage Carpenter, | Mr. Edward Blaisdell |
| Electrician, | Mr. Corvelus Quinn, Jr. |
| (Operator and Mechanic of Electrical Display) | |
| Lettering Artist, | Mr. Jack Kelly |
| Master of Properties, | Mr. Herman Crompton |
| Advance Agents, | Mr. John S. Tilton, Jr.
Mr. Bertier Barrus |

Mr. Bilbruck deserves great credit for the successful manner in which he imparted his inspiration to the soloists and chorus. Manager Huntress' untiring zeal had much to do with the happy outcome. These young men bore the brunt of the responsibility and now feel like taking a long breath.

Mr. Quinn, the electrician, gladly gave his services to the club and his ideas were of material aid to the promoters of the performance. However, success was guaranteed only by the earnest efforts of the entire club in their various capacities.

"Cliff" Pike filled the "middleman's" chair to perfection. His easy manner contributed largely to the harmony of the whole programme.

After the overture the floor was cleared for dancing.

The order of dances was as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Two Step, | Our Finale |
| Schottische, | Goo Goo H. B. M. |
| 1. Lancers, | Merrimack Club |
| 2. Waltz, | In Old Kentucky |
| 3. Newport, | National C. C. |
| 4. Portland Fancy, | Our Electrician |
| 5. Two Step, | For the "Ringers" |
| 6. Galop, | P. A. C. |
| 7. Quadrille, | Fancy Medley |
| 8. Caprice, | Our Manager |
| 9. Two Step, | Ladies Choice |
| 10. Quadrille, | M. A. A. |
| 11. Schottische, | Newburyport Friends |
| 12. Waltz, | Come to Our Next |
| Extras. | |

OFFICERS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| President—C. Edwin Tilton, | |
| Vice President—L. A. Newick, | |
| Secretary—J. W. Kehoe, | |
| Treasurer—A. C. Nickerson, | |
| Reception Committee—C. W. Goodwin, D. Leahy, J. Kenneth, | |
| Board of Directors—J. S. Tilton, Jr., B. R. Barrus, H. W. Glines, John Mates, E. Charobul, | |
| Floor Manager—B. R. Barrus, | |

Asst. Floor Manager—J. S. Tilton, Jr.

Aids—F. B. Huntress, Will Barsante, E. C. Churchill.

Incandescents.

The Warner electric club attended in a body.

Two thousand lights were used in the setting.

Palms graced the front and corners of the stage.

The Portsmouth Athletic club sent a large contingent to the show.

Members of the Newburyport, Haverhill and Rochester cycle clubs were present.

The electrical apparatus used on the stage represented a value of two thousand dollars.

The orchestra comprised nine pieces, and its accompaniment was all that could be desired.

Electrician Quinn and his assistants worked nearly all Thursday night putting the globes in position.

The march "On Scratch," played by the orchestra before the rise of the curtain, was composed and arranged by Mr. Bilbruck and dedicated to the Cycle club.

PURSUED BY INDIANS

Hallucinations of a Hampton Sick Boy Causes Him to Run Away.

Hampton is having its fill of startling episodes this year. Another startling occurrence took place there last night about midnight and tongues are still wagging over the happening. A short time ago a family, Sise by name, moved into the town, taking up a residence near the railroad crossing. As elsewhere the grip is much prevalent at Hampton, and for the past week William W. Sise, a 12-year old member of the family, has been restricted to his bed. At times he was insane, imagining that Indians and dogs were pursuing him. Last evening his young sister agreed to sit up with him throughout the night, but towards midnight her senses relaxed and she fell into a sound sleep. On suddenly awakening a few minutes later, she discovered her charge had risen from his bed, and, clad only in his nightgown, had gone out into the cold. She aroused her parents and they, in turn, started out in search of the missing boy. The police were notified and the fire alarm bells were rung, calling out the citizens to assist in the hunt. For a long time no trace could be found, but at last the company of men and boys, which by this time swelled to considerable proportions, met Wesley Dearborn, who lives about a mile beyond Hotel White, and who told them that young Sise had wandered to his home. The doctor in charge states that the boy's illness has developed into acute pneumonia and that his condition is critical.

A social dance is to be held in the Town hall at Newington on Monday evening and a number from this city will attend.

Dyspepsia

Is difficult digestion, due to weakened condition of the stomach, and its inability to properly churn the food; or, to unhealthy condition of the gastric juice, too much or too little acid, too much or too little pepsin. Hood's Sarsaparilla relieves all the distressing symptoms of dyspepsia because it promotes the muscular action of the stomach and intestines, aids nature in the manufacture of her own digestive secretions which are far better than any artificial pepsin, unlocks the bowels, stimulates the kidneys and tones up their muscular membranes. So prompt is its effect in many cases that it seems to have almost a magic touch. In fact, for dyspepsia, it is

The Best Medicine Money Can Buy

"I had dyspepsia in its very worst form, together with canker in my stomach and mouth. My suffering was very severe. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which in due time completely restored me to former health. I never felt better in my life than I do at the present time. I shall always strongly endorse Hood's Sarsaparilla for the good it has done me. Whenever I feel tired I take a dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it keeps me in good condition for my laborious work." ELIZABETH FOMAN, 21 Highland St., Exeter, N. H.

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KITTERY.

The many friends of Town Clerk Frank E. Donnell will be pleased to learn that he is able to be out and will resume his work at the yard on Monday next. Mr. Donnell had a severe attack of the grippe, and threatened with pneumonia and at one time was dangerously ill.

Boatswain Hennessey brought twelve bluejackets from Boston last evening for the U. S. S. Alliance.

Charles Neal is reported sick at his home at the Lower Forest.

Chief Master-at-Arms Edward Sweeney who was recently honorably discharged from the Machias, returned last evening from his home in Rhode Island and is now attached to the Alliance.

Kittery was well represented at the P. C. C. Minstrel show in Portsmouth last evening.

The skating is again good at Clark-son's grove and a large crowd will enjoy the same this evening. The pond has been thoroughly cleaned and is now in excellent shape.

Rev. John G. Dutton of Westerly, R. I., who has been in town for a few days returned yesterday.

Rev. H. E. Hovey of Portsmouth was in town yesterday.

John Keene of York, who is employed at the navy yard, had the little finger on the left hand badly crushed yesterday while at work. His injury was attended to at the marine hospital.

The funeral of the late Sylvester Manson will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the Methodist church.

All members of Riverside Lodge of Odd Fellows are requested to meet at their hall at 1 o'clock to attend in a body.

Owing to the illness of Rev. Mr. Faulkner, Rev. John A. Goss of Haverhill will probably officiate.

Mrs. W. B. Snow was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sawyer in Portsmouth. Mr. Sawyer's condition was a little more comfortable yesterday.

Miss Lola Bunker is confined to the home of her parents with an attack of the grippe.

George C. Hopkins of Boston was in town yesterday.

YORK.

YORK, Jan. 27.

Mrs. Everett Goodwin has a slight touch of the grippe.

Frank D. Marshall of Portland is the guest of his father, Hon. E. S. Marshall.

John Bean of Everett, Mass., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Donnell.

Mrs. Amanda Parks has been on the sick list for several days.

Rumor says that George E. M. Smiley is soon to erect a store on a lot at the village near Bragdon's meat market.

Mr. Henry E. Evans, the well known railroad man and the popular manager of St. Aspinquid Park, has been suffering with a very painful abscess in his left arm. Hosts of sympathizing friends have called to see him during his confinement to the house.

Mrs. William Varrell, wife of the proprietor of the Yorkshire Inn, entertained the Ladies' Matinee Whist club Thursday afternoon. The usual routine of whist occupied the afternoon, varied by an elegant collation of ice cream, cake, and bonbons was most enthusiastically discussed. The prize, a china chocolate pot was won by Mrs. Dr. Cook.

Mrs. Edward Blaisdell is on the sick list.

J. P. Putnam and Willard S. Simpson are speeding their horses on the millpond. Another trot, the ice permitting, will take place Saturday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Langill of Gorham Normal school came home last night to spend a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Langill.

Mrs. George Lambert of Kittery was in town today, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Emily Baker.

The elegant display of Florida Palms at the Cycle club entertainment, was from the Globe Grocery Co. green-houses.

Itchiness of the skin is a horrible plague. Most everybody is afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

AUSTRALIAN LUNG-FISH.

It Cannot Live on Land, But Breathes Through Lungs.

There has recently arrived at the Zoological Gardens in London some living specimens of the Australian lung-fish, a species first discovered in 1869 by Forster and described by Krefft.

The lung-fish has teeth similar to certain fossil teeth of the triassic strata in Europe.

The body is long and much flattened from side to side, and covered with large cycloid scales; the limbs are shaped like the blade of a paddle or a trowel, and broadly fringed. The flesh—red, like that of a salmon—is excellent eating, and large specimens are said to attain a length of six feet and a weight of about twenty pounds, the apparent disparity between size and weight being probably accounted for by the tapering off of the body behind the posterior limbs. Their home is in the Burnett and Mary Rivers; and as they were in danger of becoming extinct the Royal Society of Queensland recently resolved to establish them in new habitats.

The lung-fish in its natural state eats large quantities of vegetable matter, but this does not appear to be necessary to it.

The lung-fish cannot live on the land, like a true animal, but its lungs are of a higher type than the gills of ordinary fish, and its heart has three divisions instead of two.

A Hanging Scrap Book.

"What is all that newspaper stuff hanging over your desk?" a letterer asked a man who writes for a living.

"That?" the man answered, pointing to long strips of newspaper clippings which were pendant from a gas chandelier, directly over the desk at which he sat, "that is my scrap book. You've heard of the hanging gardens of Babylon, haven't you? Well, this is my hanging scrap book. People generally go on the plan that a scrap book must be neatly pasted full of clippings, and then piled away on a top shelf of a closet, or in the bottom of a trunk where you can never get at it without much time and trouble. Now, my idea of a scrap book is one that you can have where you want it and when you want it; so I have pasted these long strips of blue paper together, over the cross bar of my old fashioned gas chandelier. On these strips—as I clip short newspaper bits relative to my work—bits of prose or poetry, jest or philosophy, statistics or other information, I stick a little dab of library paste, and up the clipping goes. It is convenient, and easily renewable; there is no patent on it, and the 'hanging scrap book' will be found valuable to all writers who like the things where they can clap their eyes on them."

A German Custom.

In Germany there is a society of women that on hearing of the departure of a servant from any household investigates the housewife instead of the servant.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Boatswain P. Haley is once more ready for duty.

The navy department is anxious for the Potomac to be sent to Havana.

Civil Engineer Gregory, U. S. N., has about all his plans completed for improvements at the yard.

The contractors engaged in making borings on the proposed sites for the new dock are having hard work.

Chief Engineer W. G. Baehler, U. S. N., and his men are pushing the work on the Alliance to a rapid completion.

Commandant's Clerk John H. Knox was given a cordial welcome on his return to duty Friday, after a battle with the grippe.

THE RAVAGES OF GRIP

That modern scourge, the grip, poisons the air with its fatal germs, so that no home is safe from its ravages. But multitudes have found a sure protection against this dangerous enemy in the King's New Discovery. When you feel a soreness on your bones and muscles, have chills and fever, with sore throat, pain in the back of the head, catarrh, symptoms and a stubborn cough, you may know you have the grip, and you need Dr. King's New Discovery. It will promptly cure the worst case, and heal the inflamed membrane, stop the disease germs and prevent the after effects of the misery. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Money back if not cured. Free at (Morse Bros.)

MAN OF THE IVIES.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRIM.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

It was just ten years ago to-night when the occurrence of the tragic event with which my last chapter closed. I am writing these last lines in that very morning-room which became hallowed to my husband and myself by the patiently-endured suffering and convalescence of our dear mother. For Madam recovered from her injury, to our infinite joy, and as that period of illness served to knit closely together the hearts of parent and child, I think my dear lady grew almost to consider poor Alice as a benefactor, rather than a false and treacherous enemy.

But a few intervals of dreary days and watchful nights intervened before our anxious hearts dared hope that our watching was to be rewarded according to our desires. That interval brought Darracott and me into close communion, and I learnt to know and appreciate those traits of character in him which Madam had so highly commended.

Alice Mayberry, or Alice Chester, as I should properly call her (though it has never been easy for me to think of a woman so entirely his inferior as Darracott's wife), was buried with great privacy. By her grave stood but three persons besides the customary officials: Mrs. Spencer—good, kindly soul, who had lost sight of all resentment in her abundant pity and sympathy—Darracott, and David Spencer. I was obliged to remain in attendance upon Madam, whose precarious situation did not admit of my leaving her under other hands; and Mrs. Mayberry had mysteriously disappeared from the Ivies upon the very night of her daughter's death.

It is this terribly apprehensive frame of mind, Darracott was capable of experiencing any feeling of gratification. I think that the relief afforded by the assurance that he would not be obliged again to encounter the housekeeper was the source of such emotion. Whether Mrs. Mayberry went, or in what fashion, what her fate has been, or where she now is, we have never learnt.

I alone, I think, of all who dwelt within The Ivies, felt real sympathy and sorrow for the poor creature. Her moral weakness was like a physical deformity in my eyes, and I could not but feel it an exasperating circumstance in her wretched system of double-dealing and pitiful treachery towards a mistress whom she adopted even while she cheated and betrayed her. Therefore it was that I begged to be allowed to inform her of the double tragedy which had taken place within our beautiful old hall, instead of letting her hear of it through the medium of servants, who felt for her only an intolerable aversion.

It was a sad, a miserably distasteful mission I had undertaken to perform—worse even in fulfilment than in anticipation; and that is saying much. I sought Mrs. Mayberry first in her own room, and then in Alice's apartment, but she had discovered her daughter's absence and was herself engaged in a search. I was hurrying down the stairs, impatient at the delay, for Dr. Spencer was awaiting my assistance and I was eager to return to the morning-room, when I met Franklin, who seemed to have aged ten years since morning.

"Do you know where Mrs. Mayberry is?" I asked in a hushed voice, for the presence of Death brooded over the place.

The old man's face took on a look of savage hatred. He made a gesture in the direction of the terrace.

"Roaming about outside," he replied succinctly. "She's crazy-like herself."

A certain satisfaction in his expression suggested to me, a wretched foreboding.

"Oh, Franklin!" I cried, "you have not told her?"

He nodded grimly.

"Indeed I have," he returned drily. "Few pleasures come in my way, nowadays."

He chuckled vindictively. I cast one look upon him filled with withering contempt and scorn, and hastened on.

He had not overshoot the mark in describing Mayberry's condition as "crazy-like." She scarcely recognized me as I came up with her, and I had actually to lay hands on her in order to gain her attention. She was almost running up and down the broad gravel sweep, wringing her hands, tossing her head, muttering and crying to herself, calling out fierce, denunciations, epithets and broken sentences; appearing now to the forgiveness of God for the result of her own misdeeds, which she wholly attributed to others, and again, reviling the memory of the poor misguided girl whose spirit had gone forth to meet its Judge.

When I succeeded in arresting her steps, I actually shrank from the wretched spectacle she presented. It was difficult to show tender regard for so wild an object. But I did my best.

"Mrs. Mayberry," I began gently, "you know Alice is dead?"

Her eyes roamed restlessly about, but she nodded.

"Yes," she said. "A good thing! She has cheated the hangman."

I shuddered and drew away. What nature had the woman? Yet I had pity for the terribly retribution that had overtaken her.

"Hush!" I said. "How can you speak thus of your own child?"

"She would have killed Madam," she returned sulkily.

"It is not so," I answered, glad to be able to say something in the dead girl's favor. "She had no thought of harming Madam."

For the first time the wandering gaze fixed itself steadily on mine. A dawning hope enkindled the working features.

"What?—what?" she stammered uncertainly, as if she had not heard aright.

"It was not Madam whom she attacked," I replied quietly, "but her son."

The woman's face became positively radiant.

"Oh! she burnt her willy, 'is she not?—is it, is it?"

I related the details of the scene to her, and gained such regard as I might have expected from one of her small and despicable calibre. Her face glowed with satisfaction, and she cast a shy, insinuating look upon me as I concluded.

"Ah! she had method in her madness," after all, my poor Alice! she cracked, in those tones which, always horrible to me, were doubly so now by reason of the sinister exultation they manifested. "I can forgive her if she did not aim at Madam. It is excusable for a jealous wife to attack her husband when she sees him paying court elsewhere."

There was no mistaking the meaning of her glance or the point of her remark. Both were tipped with venom and plainly directed at me. My sympathy congealed into cold contempt. I withdrew the reassuring hand I had placed on her shoulder.

"You are a malignant and worthless woman!" I said with freezing dignity, turning to leave her. "You are beneath the consideration of even the most kindly disposed. I came here to comfort you as well as I might, but you have turned my regard for your trouble into disgust for your character. I will leave you. Your daughter still lies in the hall. If you have any natural humanity in you, I would advise your paying some attention to her removal; else it may fall to the lot of unfriendly servants to look after it."

With this I left her and re-entered the house. I never have seen her since.

It was a great comfort to me, and to David too, also, to avail ourselves of Mrs. Spencer's offer to become a temporary resident at The Ivies. My position, with Madam hors de combat through illness, and with possible conjecture and suspicious rife among the servants, such as I should never have dreamt of but for Mrs. Mayberry's malicious speech, was somewhat awkward and uncomfortable. I felt greatly relieved to have another and an older woman at the head of the household as matron of the establishment. I had abstracted from Madam's fingers the little packet which Alice had given her, and held it for its owner's reception when she should be sufficiently recovered to bear the emotion which I knew the sight of it must arouse. It was evidently a letter from her son, folded into small compass and tied about with narrow black ribbon—a legacy which should have been long ago delivered into her possession.

Notwithstanding the very great anxiety by which I was oppressed during my dear lady's illness, I think that period was far the happiest of my life. In the first place, there is no privilege so dear to a true woman as that of ministering to others, of feeling herself of vital consequence to the welfare of someone dear to her. Then, I was an object of the most watchful care of two men, one of whom was dear to me as a kind and devoted friend, while for the other I was daily growing more and more conscious of a deep and increasing love.

Oh! those long, delicious hours spent with Darracott by the bedside of one whom we both adored! And the delightful strolls up and down the terrace when, our patient sleeping, Mrs. Spencer insisted upon assuming our post that we might gain the much-needed refreshment of the outer air! There was no chapter in the man's life but was revealed to me during that interval. Freely, but with no egotism, he made me acquainted with all his past, until I came to know him as intimately as I believe every woman should know the man she marries. There were some pages not quite so admirable as others, some places with showed evil influences at work in the writer's mind; some scenes where passion and revolt against an untoward fate threatened to circumvent the firmness and uprightness of a noble and honorable soul; but these only endeared their hero more warmly to me. I loved him, not for his virtues alone, but for his weakness also.

He spoke to me freely of the passionate sufferings of his boyhood, when, for no fault of his own, he had been deprived of the one blessing which seemed to him of all others most to be desired. The loss of his mother's love was an injury to which he had never become reconciled.

"It was not merely the fact that she had no affection to bestow upon me that wounded and tortured me," he said, "but the additional circumstance of witnessing her lavish demonstrativeness towards Gerald. And when that day arrived upon which her darling and idol committed against me, beneath my very roof, the vilest act of treachery which one man can commit against another, even then to me, as far as his sin that her heart bled, although her sense of justice inclined to espouse my indignation."

"But she loves you now—she does, she does," was my constantly reiterated rejoinder; at which he would smile incredulously and shake his head.

One day, to this oft-repeated response of mine he returned a reply that aroused fresh suspicions of Mrs. Mayberry in my mind.

"If she loved me, really loved me with genuine and not perfunctory affection," he said, "would she have constantly besought me in her letters not to return, to remain away from my home, to absent myself from her society until she should be better able to bear the companionship of one so closely associated with her grief and loss?"

Then it was that a light dawned upon me.

"Did you know that Mrs. Mayberry wrote those letters?" I asked. "Might it not be that she expressed sentiments of her own, which were entire strangers to her mistress's breast?" He looked surprised.

"Mayberry?" he exclaimed. "Oh, no; they were in my mother's handwriting."

"Or an excellent imitation of it," I returned, and then for the first time I made him aware of the fact that Madam had employed her housekeeper as amanuensis, that she might keep from him the knowledge of her affliction.

From the look that came into his face as I threw this strong doubt upon that conclusion which he had formed concerning his mother's wish to keep him at a distance I imagined

the effect of treachery of Mayberry. I could not but believe it, and as I afterwards proved it to be, I had been the victim of a selfish sorrow in that sadly misdirected affection to his. He seemed much brighter, in far gay spirits, after my suggestion had taken effect.

A few days after this, late one afternoon, I was sitting by Madam's bedside. Darracott was also in the room, but at a distance, sitting by a window reading. Madam had recovered consciousness and was aware of her condition and surroundings, but Dr. Spencer had forbidden conversation or exertion of any sort, for she was still very weak from loss of blood. She lay with her eyes wide open, gazing steadfastly before her, but seeing nothing. Presently she spoke.

"Who is with me?—you, little Dorothy?"

"Yes, dear Madam."

A brief silence. Then—"No harm came to him—to my child, Dorothy?"

I quivered at the appellation which I had felt reserved exclusively for another, and I could hear a deep breath drawn after the words by the widow.

"Yes, dear Madam," I said.

"Thank God! O my God, I do thank Thee!"

There was another pause; and then I was possessed by an impulse to do something which would have disqualified me for ever as a nurse in Dr. Spencer's sight. I rose, and approaching her closely, knelt down and took her hand in mine. Then to her I put a question that brought about results which were a better panacea for her ills than were all the doctor's medicaments.

"And if he had been injured, dear Madam," I suggested, "what then?"

It is only Darracott, you know—not Gerald."

Surely I was a bold and venturesome maiden. My dear lady threw my hand from her with some violence.

"Only Darracott! Only Darracott!" she exclaimed. "Only the son who has been never from the moment of his birth given me one moment's anxiety! Only the son who, child and man, has studied and considered my comfort and wishes in every respect. Only my first-born, whose love and devotion never waver until they beg me to slip away from my careless possession! Only Darracott, the child and darling of my old age, for whose happiness and well-being I would gladly lay down my life! Oh, Dorothy, how little you imagine when you say 'only Darracott' that it is in very truth 'only Darracott' who fills every nook and corner of my heart!"

The desperate longing and regret in her voice would have touched the most callous breast. I heard a movement behind me, and knew that Darracott had risen impulsively at her words. Turning, I raised my hand to stay his advance, for I divined what effect her words had produced upon him, and felt that not yet was the time fully ripe for a reconciliation. The genuineness of her love for him must be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, so that, in the future, reaction from his present mood might not be permitted to breed suspicion in his mind. I rose from my kneeling posture and stood beside the bed, still holding Madam's white shrunken hand within my own.

"Dear Madam," said a little tremulously, for this was indeed a great, perhaps an unwarrantable, responsibility I was taking upon myself. "Do you remember a little package that Alice gave you that day after noon?"

She nodded her head in assent.

"You remember she said it was from your son Gerald?"

Another assenting motion.

"It is, I think, a letter. What if it bids you desert the son who remains to you, and adopt in his place, as daughter, the afflicted girl whom your dead son loved?"

Madam had no knowledge of Alice's death and this was indeed a crucial test I was subjecting her recently-vaunted love to, a choice between the "child and darling of her old age" and the dying request of the idol of a lifetime. But not an instant did she hesitate in her answer. She withdrew her hand from my grasp, and clasping it in its fellow, raised both as if in supplication, while a bright and beautiful light dawned upon her pallid countenance, giving it a heavenly radiance of expression.

"Oh, if indeed God would afford me such an opportunity for atonement," she cried softly. "Oh, to be allowed a chance for even so slight a compensation!"

"Then you would still cleave to Darracott?"

She hesitated a moment before replying. Then, in a slow and solemn tone, in lingering, measured accents, she said:

"If there could be choice given me to-day, not between my son Darracott and the woman who blighted his life, but between him and the brother who assisted in that ruin, I would choose not the son whom I idolized until he became a villain, but my beloved child whom I neglected until I discovered that my heart was breaking for want of the love I had so long disregarded."

The man behind me was striding impetuously forward. I hurriedly asked another question before his presence should thrust mine aside.

"And this tardy justice is not simply the result of awakened conscience, Madam?" My utterance was almost breathless in his haste. My dear lady gave a sharp, quick cry, that was almost a sob.

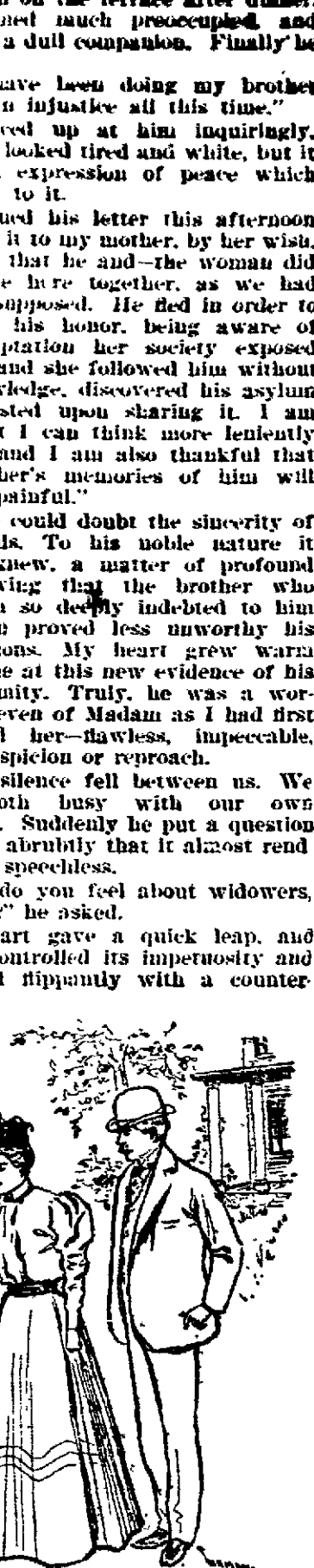
"Oh, no! Oh, no—no!" she returned. "The result of awakened love. Dorothy! O Father in Heaven, restore to me the heart of my boy!"

I turned then, and sped from the room. I had no longer a right there. In the hall I met Dr. Spencer, and to him I made full confession of my guilt. I was obliged to acknowledge it, for the tears were streaming down my face, and he was inquisitive concerning their cause. He looked grave and shook his head, but I remained obstinate in approval of my conduct.

"Even if she should die from the effects of what you call my imprudence," I returned, "the brief joy of reunion with her son is worth twenty years of continued estrangement and suffering."

But she did not die. From that hour she mended, having a cause to induce her recovery, and Dr. Spencer has always generously acknowledged that I was the physician to restore her to health.

That evening Darracott and I took



"HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WIDOWERS DOROTHY?"

"Genus or individuals?"

"Oh, genus," he replied, with a quizzical look in his grey eyes.

"I don't fancy them," I returned, as coolly as I could.

"Why not?"

"They are apt to dwell too wearily upon the virtues of the departed."

"But if the departed were with out virtue?"

"It is a quality easily manufactured after death," I replied.

"But if the widower under discussion be without imagination sufficient for the undertaking?" he continued; and by that time he had taken both my hands into his, and I felt there was imminent danger of my whole body being likewise taken possession of. I trembled, but met his sallies bravely. I was proud of the evenness of my voice.

"You forget," I said. "We were engaged in generalities. With individuals—" I paused, and confess I broke down. Who could have gone on calmly, folded close to a man's heart, with its heavy throbs dinning into the ears and deafening the understanding?

"With individuals it is quite different, my darling, is it not? Of one individual you may make the exception which proves the rule that I hope you will never break in my lifetime. Dorothy, I am a brave man to again trust a woman after my experience. But I do trust one, my beloved; trust her as I have never before believed in anyone; love her with a love beyond that I have given my mother; and desire her—oh, my dearest! desire her as a man but once in the course of his whole existence desires a woman, with passionate reverence for her perfect womanhood, with answering faith in her integrity, with unutterable longing for her lifelong and intimate companionship. Dorothy, Dorothy—how is to be with me now in this crisis? Is she the one woman whom I so covet going to forgive my widowerhood and make amends to me for a wretched past? Say, dear one, is she?"

You know what I answered. I have already told you that I became Darracott's wife. Few marriages, I believe, are as truly such as ours. As yet no cloud, save the passing away five years ago of our dear mother, has ever rested upon it. A more united trio than Darracott, Madam and I could not be imagined. Just before she peacefully yielded up her spirit to God, Madam said to me one day:

"My dear daughter Dorothy, when I go back into the past and review bygone events and actions, I can think of no single one in my whole life whose results have been so completely successful and happy as that of the insertion of my advertisement for a companion."

And so I, when at my turn rehearse the various occasions upon which I have obeyed the leading of that infinite impulse which, even now, after it has so splendidly triumphed over the opprobrium cast upon it by the slower judgment of others, my mother continues to distrust—I select as pre-eminent among them that February afternoon when I was urged to burn my bridges, and set forth as applicant for the position of companion to my beloved Madam of The Ivies.

[THE END.]

No Wonder.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year.

Waste Silk Worms.

There are 600,000 people employed in Italy in rearing silk-worms.

OLD QUANAH PARKER

THE BIG CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES.

A REMARKABLE REDSKIN.

He is the richest and most civilized of American Indians—His Mother a White Girl Who Was Slaved by the Navajos.

Quannah Parker, the big chief of the Comanches, who was erroneously reported murdered by an outlaw in the southwest, only to be found alive and well at Sherman, Texas, is the richest and in many respects the most civilized of American Indians. He is the principal chief of his tribe, and lives in a \$6,000 house in the midst of a large cattle ranch, over which range thousands of fine cattle and hundreds of well-bred horses. He has seven wives and a very large family of children. Four of his children are students at the Carlisle, Pa., Indian school, and Parker recently paid a visit to that institution and was very much interested in its work.

Quannah was, at the time of his reported death, enjoying an outing at a cowboy frolic in Seymour, accompanied by three of his four wives. The story was told that he had been killed in a fight and the only grain of truth in it was that when he does take his departure from this world Quannah will probably go that way. Yet, notwithstanding that he is a noted warrior, the nearest Quannah ever came to death was not in battle. Quannah contemptuously blew out the gas in the old Pickwick Hotel at Fort Worth—and thereby hangs a tale of the most remarkable endurance, perhaps, ever exhibited by man.

It was in the fall of 1885 that Chief Quannah came to Fort Worth, accompanied by an aged Comanche named Yellow Bear, one of his numerous fathers-in-law. The object of their mission was to collect the annual rental paid by the cattlemen for grazing their herds on Comanche territory.

Quannah was no stranger in Fort Worth, and he had an Indian's fondness for all the sights and amusements of the town. It was supposed that Yellow Bear came as his companion on this trip to keep him straight



QUANAH PARKER.

on account of the large amount of the payment to be made to him by the cattlemen. If that was his purpose, however, it was not executed as befit a faithful guardian. Yellow Bear was not as familiar with the way of civilization as was his son-in-law. His acquaintance with it, in fact, extended no further than fire-water and lease money.

Yellow Bear permitted Quannah to rush him off to bed in an annex of the Pickwick, over a store house, about 9 o'clock, after which he proceeded to slumber, and Quannah to take in the town. The sleeping-room was 10 by 12 feet, with one small window and one door. In order to keep out the evil spirits, which according to the Comanche tradition, may fit through infinitesimal openings although it was almost as hot as midsummer—Yellow Bear, before retiring, lowered and fastened the window and turned the key in the keyhole, so that it completely filled the opening.

The hour of Quannah's return was never definitely known, although police investigation indicated that it must have been midnight. Nothing was heard from the two Indians the next morning, and the hotel manager supposed that they were sleeping off the effects of an overdose of civilization. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon an employee of the hotel discovered gas in the hall of the annex. It was traced to the room occupied by the Indians, the door was forced and the outpour almost suffocated the rescuers.

They found Yellow Bear lying on his face and knees beside the bed, cold in death. He had been dead several hours. Quannah was lying on his back, with his face near the window sill, unconscious and apparently dying. A full head of gas had been pouring into the tightly closed little room through a half inch pipe for more than twelve hours. No Saxon could have stood it. A mule or an ox would have been dead hours before the discovery, but the gigantic Indian chief was still struggling mightily for his life. Nearly all of the doctors in town were called to Quannah's relief. His wonderful constitution triumphed. Next morning he was pronounced out of danger.

Quannah Parker is a son of the famous Cynthia Ann Parker, a white girl who was stolen by the Comanches and adopted in her infancy. Afterward she was recaptured by Gen. Sul Ross and his rangers. She longed for the freedom of Indian life after she returned to civilization, finally she rejoined the Comanches, married a chief and became the mother of Quannah Parker. There is little about him to indicate his relation to the paleface. He is of stalwart form, over six feet tall and physically a model. In demeanor and conversation he is a typical Indian, although his white blood seems to have endowed him with enough of business instinct to accumulate a fortune, to which he clings notwithstanding his occasional lapses into convivial enjoyment.

He is a Deputy Sheriff.

On June 23, the sheriff of Salt Lake City appointed as his deputy a young woman, Miss Claire Ferguson.

CURIOUS LANDS IN FLORIDA

A Subterranean Passage Which is Developed in Mystery.

Payne's prairie, three miles south of this city, says the Galveston Sun, covers an area of 50,000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or Savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes to has never been determined.

When the sink is opened the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked a lake from seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it thousands of alligators, snakes, fish and turtles are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks averaging in depth all the way from twenty-five to one hundred feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honey comb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink.

The scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit this city. The sink has for many years been a popular resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at a trifling expense and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned by various individuals.

A Well Harrowed Crop.

"Well, did you have much of a crop?" asked one of Knott's callers the other day.

"Then all the other men in the office laughed. Knott moved into a suburb last spring and rented a five acre farm on which to experiment.

He paid city prices for labor all summer, harvested three meeses of roasting ears, lost his potatoes on account of the bugs and had his cabbages stolen.

"I began to lose faith in the farm when I had harrowed done," said he. "I hired a fellow named Dan Smith to harrow the sweet corn patch. He started in one noon. I told him I wanted the ground well harrowed. 'You start in,' I says and 'I'll come out and tell you when to stop.'

"Well, that afternoon I received a telegram calling me to Detroit. I was away from home for a week, and I was too busy to remember anything about Dan Smith. I got home late one afternoon, and saw a cloud of dust over at the sweet corn patch. I went over there and found Dan still harrowing. He had probably been over the patch 200 times. He had the ground broken up like powdered sugar.

"What the dickens are you doing?" I asked him.

"Well," he says, "you told me to keep at it until you came and stopped me." I sent him home and the next day I received a bill. It was for seven days' harrowing, at \$3 a day, only \$21. And I had to pay it, too. If the crop had been four times as big as it was, I couldn't have got enough out of it to pay for the harrowing. I am beginning to suspect that I am not a success as a farmer."—Chicago Record.

Rich, But Never Seen Money.

Away up near the Arctic Circle lives an old man who is very rich, and yet he never sees a dollar or any kind of money or representative of money. Some time ago, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, general agent of the Bureau of Education for Alaska, on board the Bear, touched at Indian Point, Siberia. There he found the principal native of the village, Koharri by name, a trader, noted all along the coast. Writing of this old trader, Mr. Jackson says:

"He has a little frame house filled from floor to ceiling with tobacco, flour and looking glass, which he has obtained from the whalers, and from which he supplies the country for hundreds of miles around. This man has been known to have as much as \$75,000 worth of whalebone in his storehouse at one time. He does a business of probably \$100,000 a year, and yet not a single coin of gold or silver nor a single bank note or bank check is used, nor are any books kept. All transactions are by barter, furs and whalebone being exchanged for tobacco, flour, and whiskey. This wholesale merchant of the north Siberian coast can neither read nor write, nor can any one associated with him. Although so wealthy, he lives in an ordinary tent and sleeps on the ground on a pile of reindeer skins."

Keep Your Wheel in Order.

The wheel should be overhauled and cleaned thoroughly once a day. This will prevent unhappy breaks in the road ten miles from anywhere. A good supply of cloths, water and a sponge, a brush, some oil and gasoline are all that is necessary. Tires should be brushed, wiped with a wet sponge and search made for punctures. Any cuts should be filled with rubber solution. Oil the spokes of the wheel, inspect the fastenings of the chain, rub it with gasoline and lubricate in sparingly. A very precise, one can polish the plating and nickel with a chamois skin.

Ball Rings Supported by Englishmen.

The poorest part of Andalusia is within a ten mile radius of Gibraltar. This is nevertheless the part of Spain which supports the largest number of bull rings—three. This interesting fact is accounted for by the presence in the neighborhood of the British garrison, its wives and friends. Cynically disposed persons will recall that there are no fons to the brutal sport more voracious than the English, at home.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Personally Conducted

Under escort of Tourist Agent or Chapmen

TOURS

UPPER SOUTH.
Visiting Gettysburg, Luray, Virginia Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, Shenandoah and Washington.
Leaves Boston October 14
Special Train of Parlor Cars From New York
RATE: Boston, \$75.00; New York, \$65.00

Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

Eight-Day Tour, Oct. 31.
Going via Fall River Line, returning via rail.
RATE, \$36.00.

WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1894, January 21, Feb. 4 and March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1895
Seven Days. RATE, \$23.00.

Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tour Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.
R. WOOD, GEO. W. BOYD.
Gen. Pass. Agt. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

DRINK ONLY THE PUREST WHISKY!

WRIGHT & TAYLOR, Louisville Ky. DISTILLERS

FINE OLD KENTUCKY Taylor Whiskey.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by name. None genuine without our signature on each label. For consumption, indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.
Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portland, Me.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL, Hanover Street, Near Market.

Fit Guaranteed

A Suit or Overcoat That Will Please You, And Prices Right.

A NICELY ARRANGED LADIES' PRISON.

Ladies' garments, Ladies' Parle and American styles custom made.

James Haugh, 20 High Street.

FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

Y-a want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1899.

General Egan is now sorry he spoke

Secretary Alger will come out of the war investigation free from stain.

The treaty will be ratified February 6th. About time some of the old women in congress took a tumble.

Admiral Schley is saying nothing and the people are going to see justice done him before they get through.

Concord will have use for two or three new express companies. The saloon have all been closed in that city.

That yarn about Dewey sending a message asking congress to make him an admiral is so silly to be taken seriously.

If Governor Rollins wants to please the newspaper men of the state he will reappoint Labor Commissioner Jule Trask.

Upon the recommendation of Commandant Cromwell, the naval station and yard at Havana, the value of which is estimated as near as possible at \$10,000,000, will very likely be abandoned. Marines and workmen to the number of 150 are employed. The sanitary conditions are very bad, and there is great danger of fever. Extensive improvements must be made at a cost of \$200,000 to make it safe. It is now the worst possible hole in the city.

It is to be said of Agoncillo, the agent at Washington of Aguinaldo and the latter's alleged government, that in his proclamations and communications he has ceased to be amusing and has become impertinent. The bronze statues from the Orient is harming, not helping, such aspirations for independence as his countrymen may harbor by his left-handed industry pending the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and Spain.

California's Points of Interest

A special "Mardi-Gras Tour" to California under the Personally Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave on February 8, 1899. The entire trip will be by special train of Pullman vestibule sleeping, dining, compartment, and observation cars. The cars to be used were on exhibition at the World's Fair, Atlanta, Nashville, and San Francisco, and will be placed in service for the first time. Among the principal points of interest visited will be Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, Denver and Chicago. Rate, including all necessary expenses during the thirty-seven days absent, \$405 from Boston. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

THERE WAS NO CHOICE.

Harrisburg, Jan. 27.—The result of the ninth ballot in joint session for United States senator follows: Quay, 73; Jenks, 55; Daltell, 13; Stone, 7; Stewart, 5; Huff, 6; Irvin, 3; Tubbs, 1; Rice, 1; Grow, 1; Markle, 2; Widener, 2; Ritter, 2. Total votes, 171; paired, 30. Necessary to choice, 86. No election.

MILLS ARE CLOSING.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 27.—Following the shutdown of the Lovellville satinette mill of the C. G. Wood Manufacturing company, announcement was made today of the closing of the Lower Quinapasket mill. This mill is also owned by the C. G. Wood company.

DWELLING HOUSE BURNED.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 27.—A two-story house in North Fairhaven, belonging to Frederick King, was burned to the ground this forenoon. The loss of \$2500 on the building and \$500 on the furniture is covered by insurance.

BY TELEGRAPH.

EAGAN COURT MARTIAL ENDED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The case of Commissary General Egan, charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and with conduct tending to the prejudice of good order and discipline, is now in the hands of the court martial appointed to try him. Today the taking of testimony was closed and the arguments of counsel were omitted. The trial has lasted three days and consumed less than eight hours of actual sittings. A session behind closed doors of an hour also sufficed for the court to reach a conclusion and embodying it in a report. The verdict is altogether a matter of speculation, and officially, at least, will not be made public by the trial board, military regulations requiring that its findings shall go through prescribed channels and be kept a secret until action has had and is promulgated by the proper reviewing officers.

SENATOR PLATT MAKES A SPEECH.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Particular interest was manifested in the senate today in a brief speech delivered by Senator Platt of New York, in which he took strong ground for the ratification of the pending treaty of peace. A resolution was offered by Senator Sullivan of Mississippi, declaring: "That the ratification of the pending treaty with Spain shall in no wise determine the policy to be pursued by the United States in regard to the Philippines nor shall it commit this government to a colonial policy, nor is it intended to embarrass the establishment of a stable and independent government by the people of those islands, whenever conditions make such proceeding hopeful of successful and desirable results."

The pension appropriation bill was passed after some debate.

ALL ABOUT A HEADLINE.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—In court this afternoon the Herald association appeared to show cause why they should not be judged guilty of contempt of court. This was occasioned by a headline in the Herald of Thursday evening, which Judge Bond took exception to as tending to bias public opinion, while a case was on trial. Counsel for the Herald and the assistant editor, who built the headline, stated that nothing was intended to obstruct the course of justice, but that the headline was simply intended to emphasize certain things in the evidence. After hearing the evidence Judge Bond announced that he would reserve his decision until Monday.

FORTY WILL GO FROM PORTSMOUTH.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—The first definite orders relative to the naval garrison at Guam were received at the Charlestown navy yard today. Lieut. Col. Pope will take with him from the Charlestown barracks a detachment of forty-five men. Forty will go from Portsmouth, N. H., twenty from the barracks at Newport and a few others from various other ports, all of whom will rendezvous at New York about Feb. 10th, ready to take passage upon the transport Yosemite.

SMALL POX ON AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

HALIFAX, Jan. 27.—The steamer Lake Superior, with the second batch of Russian Quakers, 2000 in number, en route to Canada, northwest, arrived today from Batoum, twenty-three days. One of the passengers, a child eight years of age, died from small pox four days ago and was buried at sea. The ship and all her passengers are under a strict quarantine and will probably remain so for several days.

DIED FROM HIS INJURIES.

New York, Jan. 27.—John F. Shea, the coal passer, who inhaled steam in the boiler accident on the cruiser New York last Thursday, died in the naval hospital in Brooklyn today. Thomas Hickey, who was rescued by Sam Wallace, is in so serious a condition that he may not live. The other four men are improving. Commodore Philip, commandant of the yard, has ordered a court of inquiry to investigate the accident.

RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Hon. Joseph R. Choate, United States ambassador to Great Britain, had a long conference with Secretary Hay today and later with President McKinley. He received his final instructions from Secretary Hay, and on leaving the president he said he would not sail for London until the latter part of February and that he might return to Washington again before setting sail from this country.

DREADFUL ST. VITUS DANCE.

Mrs. Lewis' Daughter Was Most Terribly Afflicted.

Parents Should Study This Case and Wonderful Cure.

Dr. Greene's Nervura the Remedy Which Made This Marvelous Cure.

Mrs. Jacob W. Lewis, Lisbon Falls, Me., says: "I feel it my duty to write of the great benefit Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has been to my daughter, Amy. She was taken down with that dreadful disease, St. Vitus Dance. It affected one half of her body and her right side, and she was so bad she could not dress herself, nor comb her hair. In fact, she could not use her hand nor foot and her feet were in constant motion all the time. There was a drawing of the mouth



and half the tongue was affected. I sent her a bottle of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and she began to take it and in one week's time she was quite a lot better, and she continued gaining and now she has just finished the fourth bottle, and I am happy to say is so much improved she can help me about my work, can wash the dishes as well as before she had it, and her hand and foot is real quiet and she is almost entirely cured."

If your child is sick, try this grand remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, the prescription of the famous Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., and remember that he can be consulted with out charge, personally or by writing.

A BLOW AT THE L. A. W.

New York, Jan. 27.—At the annual meeting of the National Track association held here today, a resolution was adopted providing that wherever the words "League of American Wheelmen" appear in the constitution of the association they be stricken out and the words "National Cycle Track Association" be inserted. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that the National Track association appreciates the good work accomplished in the interest of bicycling during the past by the League of American Wheelmen, but declaring that for the future the best interests of the track owners would be subserved by affiliating with the National Cycle Track association.

LIKE OUR OWN STATESMEN.

VIENNA, Jan. 27.—In the lower house of the Austrian Reichstag today a disturbance arising out of racial differences led to a hand-to-hand fight between deputies. The ushers finally succeeded in separating the combatants, but the sitting was closed amid a scene of great turbulence.

CABINET MEETING.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The cabinet session today was uneventful and practically no attention was paid to the Philippine or Samoan questions. There were no official advices presented from either Manila or Apia.

APPOINTED AMBASSADOR.

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 27.—President Diaz today appointed Manuel Aspiru, assistant secretary of foreign relations, to be ambassador at Washington.

Spain's Greatest Need

Mr. R. P. Oliver, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of the head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

WASHINGTON TOURS, \$23.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 2, 10 and 24. Seven days, \$23. Side trip to Old Point Comfort. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

O. Say "No" when a dealer offers you a substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is nothing "just as good." Get only Hood's.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Jeffries, are all in fighting trim. They and a dozen others are strictly in the swim. Their bloody mits they're donning To battle for the tin; But, though he's trying bravely, Poor Corbett can't squeeze in. They say that he's a duffer And elbow him aside; They call him a big bluffer And claim he's but half fried; With managers he's pleading To match him for a bout; But they've no use for Corbett—He's crowded harshly out. They call him a back number—They claim he's had his day; So derisively they roast him, He can't get in his say; Poor Corbett! he's a puffing And a peating to get in, But he's up against a boycott—He's barred out from that tin!

General Egan shed tears before the court martial. Who has shed any over Egan?

Mayor Martin of Concord shut up all the saloons there in thirty minutes on Thursday. This shows how easy it can be done if you want to do it. The Manchester saloon keepers are happy. The railroad fare between that city and Concord is only thirty-six cents and trains run frequently.

This city certainly has some excellent minstrel talent. The Cycle club boys feel pleased over their show and it is justifiable. I understand they thought of putting it on in Music hall. 'Twould have been all right

Fatti, on her honeymoon, sends this over the cable: "I have not forgotten how kind America has always been to me, and I hope to return there again before I retire. I may visit America in the spring. O, no, I shall not stop singing until I am compelled to."

The publishing of popular songs has become an important American industry according to a New York weekly. There are five big firms in the business that support offices in both New York and Chicago and several printing houses issue songs exclusively, using more paper than do some of the large newspapers. Perhaps twenty men make every year more than two thousand dollars by writing songs and a few of them average almost eight thousand dollars.

The man who wrote the words and music of "Break the News to Mother" is credited with having cleared twenty thousand dollars from it, yet when he wrote "After the Ball" he was poor and unknown. A few years ago two young men wrote a tearful song entitled "My Mother Was a Lady," and published it with gratifying success. Now they own large headquarters and are making a good deal of money.

W. K. Vanderbilt has given his daughter five hundred thousand dollars to buy a house. You can get a pretty fair cottage now for fifty thousand, and if Miss Vanderbilt is clever she'll invest just about that much in a residence and spend the rest of that half million in enjoying herself.

The National Advertiser evidently does not admire the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, under the management of E. W. Bok. It starts a "roast" by saying, "The publisher of a dull weekly in Philadelphia claims to be the successor of Benjamin Franklin." The Post, you know, was founded by Franklin, was recently acquired by the Ladies' Home Journal (of which Mr. Bok is the guiding star) and is now being widely advertised by him as the oldest newspaper in America.

Mr. Bok has slipped his trolley. The New Hampshire Gazette is the oldest paper of continuous issues in this country. It was established in 1756 and has appeared every week under the same name ever since. The Post missed issues for several months during the Revolution, while the British occupied Philadelphia. The Gazette has just renewed its youth by donning a new dress and is brighter than ever.

I heard a tramp say yesterday that he was going to Dover to get work. He'll get worked.

Distressing Stomach Disease

Permanently cured by the masterly power of South American Nervine Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvellous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving tonic. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by George Hill, Druggist, Portsmouth N. H.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefts. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

PENSION CHANGES.

Names of New England Men and Women Added to the Roll.
Washington, Jan. 27.—The following pension changes, resulting from the issue of Jan. 16, are announced:
Maine—Original, Daniel C. White, Gardiner, \$5. Additional, Charles E. Groat, National home, Kennebec, \$4 to \$12. Original, widows, etc., Nancy Everett, Mechanic Falls, \$12; Angie Martin, Portland, \$5.
Vermont—Increase, Freeman S. Noyes, Chelsea, \$16 to \$17; Henry H. Faine, Underhill Centre, \$12 to \$17. Original, widows, etc., Sophia M. Austin, Barton Landing, \$5.
Massachusetts—Original, Albert C. Lyman, Somerville, \$6. Restoration and reissue, Martin Rogers (deceased), Holbrook, \$12. Increase, Horace K. Ford, Haverhill, \$6 to \$8.
Rhode Island—Original, John Brodbeck, Valley Falls, \$6.
Connecticut—Original, Charles Lynn, Bethelheim, \$6; Henry J. Winchester, Burlington, \$6.

STRANGE DOUBLE FATALITY.

New York, Jan. 27.—Emil Reuter, a wholesale flour dealer of Brooklyn, and his wife, Ida, died last night. They had attended a theater and were on the way home when Mrs. Reuter, uttering a faint cry, fell to the sidewalk. Her husband rang the doorbell of the house in front of which she had fallen and aided in carrying her in. Doctors were called, but Mrs. Reuter was dead before they arrived. Reuter left to tell a friend of his wife's death, and was just mounting the steps of the house in which her dead body lay when he staggered and fell. He was carried into the house, and the same doctors who had been summoned for Mrs. Reuter were called in, but again they were too late, for Reuter was dead. The doctors expressed the belief that Mrs. Reuter's death was caused by heart disease, while her husband succumbed to apoplexy induced by nervous shock. An inquest will be held. Reuter was 46 years of age and his wife was 36.

BUILDING WAS UNOCCUPIED.

Malden, Mass., Jan. 27.—The police of this city have learned that the family of Arthur Hedison, who were believed to have perished in the fire which destroyed the house in which they had lived, last night, moved out of the building several days ago, and that the building was unoccupied. The family included Mr. and Mrs. Hedison and four children, and as none of them were seen about the place while the fire was in progress, it was thought they had been burned to death. The property loss is placed at \$1200. It is thought an investigation will be held to determine the cause of the fire.

New York, Jan. 27.—Louis J. Shure, who forged checks for \$20,000 on his employers, Mandel, Pursch & Weiner, and whose wife is dying from consumption, was today sentenced to Sing Sing prison for seven years.

Delicate Children

They do not complain of anything in particular. They eat enough, but keep thin and pale. They appear fairly well, but have no strength. You cannot say they are really sick, and so you call them delicate.

What can be done for them? Our answer is the same that the best physicians have been giving for a quarter of a century. Give them

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It has most remarkable nourishing power. It gives color to the blood. It brings strength to the muscles. It adds power to the nerves. It means robust health and vigor. Even delicate infants rapidly gain in flesh if given a small amount three or four times each day.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

COAL AND WOOD.

O. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchant

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Offices on State and Water Sts.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

H. W. Nickerson,

Embalmer and Funeral Director,

8 Daniel St., Portsmouth, N. H.

Calls by night at residence, 6 Court street, or at J. A. Snow's, 18 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at Office and Residence.

Office Open From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Society Women

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood, and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was downhearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."

—Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

The genuine package always bears the full name Y. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price 50¢ per box by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Classified Advertisements.

Small advertisements on Sold without reply
Seven Words to a Line.
Such as Wants, For Sale and To Let 50 cents per week 20 cents one insertion.

WANTED—Case of bad health that K.I.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Hyman Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

TOILET—Furnished room with steam heat. Apply at 24 Fleet street.

Piano for sale. High grade upright piano. Been used very little. Must be sold. Address G. H. Box 518, Dover, N. H.

Send 10 cents to us and we will send you a box of our Dandruff and Scalp Cure. F. McKee, N. H.

FOR SALE.—Ten R.I.P.A.N.S. for 5 cents at druggists. One gives relief.

CHRISTIAN man wanted, not employed or acquainted with church people; \$18 per week. Write Standard Manufacturing Co., 11 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Introduction

The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co.

Portsmouth, N. H.,

or Newfield's Bottling Co.,

Newfield, N. H.,

and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand

"VICTOR"

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just

Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty

years. It has been used by the

Principal Government and Other

Public Works,

and has received the commendation of the

United States and European governments.

For more complete information, please

write to the

JOHN H. BROUGHTON.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON.

A QUEER OLD WORLD.
If virtue would allure like sin
How easily might goodness win.
If right went laughing by like wrong
The devil would lose half his throng.
If day sought pleasure like the night
Dawn need not blush to face the light.
But virtue seems so cold and proud
That merry sin attracts the crowd.
And night has such a solemn air
Men follow wrong, the devious stair.
And care so eats the daytime up
At night they seize mad folly's cup.
And drink forgetfulness till dawn
And so the queer old world goes on.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY O. W. S. ANGELL.

It was one of our Friday night symposiums at the Common Club, and as our particular clique was made up of Merton, from the Geological Survey; Herring, of the Fish Commission; together with Long, from the Agricultural Bureau; De Forrest, of the Army Medical Museum; and myself, then serving as Washington correspondent for a New York paper, it is needless to say that the talk had run the entire gamut of art, literature and science, and had for the moment settled on the belief in dual personalities.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said Merton, with the authoritative air by which he always attempted to settle questions under discussion, "that while I am willing to admit that there may be some things almost impossible to prove or disprove scientifically, yet the talk about dual personality, subconscious mind and such stuff is vulgarly speaking simply rot." And he lay back in his chair with a self-satisfied air, as though there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

Long took up the argument, and the debate grew rather warm as the pros and cons were laid down in that cathedra way which we young men are apt to affect. Dr. De Forrest had thus far taken no part in the discussion, but had smiled once or twice at our assertions in a way that assured us, who knew him so well, that he had a good story to tell if we could only draw him out.

"Come, Doctor," said Long, as he ordered a fresh round of brandies and soda for the crowd, "you ought to know something about this question, for you told us last week that you had studied under Charcot when you were in Paris."

De Forrest selected a flighty perfect from the box at his side, lighted it in his usual careful way and blew a few rings of smoke, which he watched float lazily toward the ceiling, before he spoke.

"Well, boys," he began, "as Merton has just said, there are some things which we cannot as yet decide by purely physical methods. We cannot weigh the soul and such delicate balance, though the scale sinks if we add but the fraction of a hair, nor can we by our most subtle reagents analyze that vital spark we call life in our laboratories. I do not care to light to speak of the many curious phenomena which I witnessed during my studies in Paris, for they might furnish you with a clew to the story which is to follow, but I tell you a little incident in my life which when I was very young in my New York practice, and then leave the question for you to decide."

"When I established myself in New York, back in the sixties, fresh from my studies at Vienna, I joined the Bohemia Club. That was not its name, but as none of you are old enough to remember the club it will do as well as any other, and I shall take the liberty of changing the names of the actors in my story as well, for obvious reasons."

"We were a rather jolly crowd at the Bohemia, for we worked hard at our different lines all day and then met at the club in the evenings for relaxation and to compare notes. You see we were young then, and not authorities in our several branches, as you all are here," and he smiled in his little circle.

"There were two Southerners in the club," he continued, "both M. D.'s, and although greatly alike in their features and marvelously so in their dress, they were totally different in character, and I suppose it would be hard to find in any club two men further apart in their moral and mental qualities. Whiting had been a practicing physician for a year or more and had already a large clientele. He was a splendid fellow, large of frame, but straight as an arrow, with great brown eyes that looked you squarely in the face when he spoke, and, with all his physical strength, kind and gentle as a woman. He was loved by every one at the club, where we knew him as the soul of honor and generous to a fault."

"Davis, on the other hand, though he was of the same olive hued type and enough like Whiting in features to be his twin brother, had a sneering expression on his face when he looked at you with his eyes half closed and that cynical smile on his lips he made me think of the copperhead of his own Louisiana swamps. He was a heavy drinker, and spent money enough at the club, but he was never known to do a kind act, and we were sure he never spent a dollar on any one else unless he saw that he would gain some advantage in return."

"Both of the men had ample means of their own, but Davis had never practiced, so far as we knew, and where he got his title of doctor from or where he lived no one seemed to know. Some said that he was an expert chemist and dabbled in alchemy as well, but he made no close friends, and seldom spoke of his own life."

"It happened that Davis and Whiting had never met at the club, as each came but seldom, but we often chaffed one about the other, and from their facial resemblance we called them the two Dromedars. Jekyll and Hyde would have been more appropriate, but this was long before Stevenson's book was written."

"Whiting always resented any chance allusion to his double, although good natured at the rest of our chaff, and

seemed to doubt the actual existence of Davis, whom he had heard of but never met, and thought we were simply trying to put up a game on him. Naturally the more he scoffed at the reality of Davis the more we urged him, until finally in sheer desperation he proposed to give a quiet little dinner for four of us, at which Robinson, an artist and fellow club-member, myself, Davis and Whiting were to be the quartet."

"Davis promised to be there, if possible, and said he was already acquainted with Whiting of course by reputation only, he added, with that cynical smile we all hated. On the night of the dinner Robinson and I were on hand early, for we were anxious to see the meeting between Davis and Whiting, and had made several bets with the other fellows as to whether Davis would show up."

"Whiting appeared punctually as usual, but though we waited until midnight Davis failed to materialize. Of course this settled the matter in Whiting's mind for the time being, and he made us set up several bottles of wine to drink to the health of his mythical counterpart, as he called him."

"The next night, however, he came to the club, and drawing Robinson and me aside, said: 'Boys, this matter has gone too far. I like a joke, but I think it is rather rough for you to keep it up.' And on our expressing our ignorance of his meaning he showed us letters from Davis regretting his inability to be present the night before, and saying that he was too ill at the moment to make his regrets in person."

"But, my dear fellow," said Robinson, "if you really think you guilty of this letter will you kindly explain how it happens to be written on your own paper?"

"Whiting grabbed up the note and seemed frightened for the moment, for at the head of the letter was his crest and the envelope bore the impression of his private seal, which he always wore on his watch chain. He looked at it searchingly, and then left the club without a word."

"After this occurrence we ceased bantering him about Davis and passed the word around to the other fellows to drop it, for we saw that the matter was getting greatly and feared the effect of our 'dual' and high strung, nervous temperament. Davis came to the club less frequently during the winter, but at every mention of Whiting's name he smiled and said he was sorry they did not happen to meet."

"One day, early in the spring, Whiting sent a note asking me to come up to his den after dinner, as he had something of importance to tell, and begged me to call on Madison Avenue, but had never visited him at his rooms on 47th street. It was a quiet neighborhood, west of Ninth avenue, and the house was one of a row of old fashioned frame buildings still in good repair, but backed up against their rear were several ramshackle old tenements, nearly deserted by tenants."

"I had not seen Whiting for some months and was shocked by the change in his appearance. His eyes were dark circles under his eyes and a strange hunted expression in his face. He grasped my hand eagerly and drew a chair for me in front of the grate fire, for the evenings were still cool."

"Doc," he exclaimed suddenly, after we had lit our cigars and talked gliding generalities for a few minutes, "that fellow Davis is killing me by inches."

"Why, old man," I said, "so you have come to believe in him at last." I started to laugh, but checked myself when I saw the expression of his face.

"What is it, my dear boy?" I asked, soothingly. "It certainly can't be so serious. What has he been up to now?"

"This damned queer business," said Whiting excitedly, "and I can't imagine his motive, but these are the facts. For several weeks this fellow has dogged my footsteps, and after I have made a professional call and left the usual prescription he has sent a note to the patient imitating my handwriting and changing the medicines for others, which, had they been taken as directed, would have in some cases proved fatal. Fortunately the druggists have telephoned me that there was some mistake and I have been able to correct it. But of course this constant changing of prescriptions has affected my practice terribly, and people are beginning to think that my mind is unbalanced."

"But, my dear fellow," said I, trying to quiet him, "why not give up your practice for a few weeks and take a decided rest, and meanwhile we will deal with this fellow Davis as he deserves."

"But that is not all," continued Whiting, despairingly. "It is true I don't need the income from my practice, and work more from the love of it than for the fees, but he has gone still further and dared to call on Miss Wiley, my fiancée, and tell her many of the foolish escapades of my college days, the secret of which I thought was buried in my own breast. I have tried to explain them away, but of course cannot deny the tales, and I fear it is all over for me in that quarter. I can't see how she could listen to the cad or where she could have met him."

"Davis' actions seemed to be more inexplicable than ever, and I longed to get hold of the brute and force an explanation from him; but, hiding my anger, I tried to quiet Whiting, and finally prevailed upon him to take a heavy dose of chloral, which I prepared, and to try to get a night's rest, promising to see Miss Wiley shortly and attempt to patch up matters."

"I left him asleep on his lounge, and, as it was still early, walked over to Madison Avenue, determined to call on Miss Wiley, whom I knew slightly, and tell her of Whiting's condition."

"There was a light in the drawing room, and, ringing the bell, I gave my card to the servant, and he ushered me in unannounced. Miss Wiley sat at the piano, her hands on the keys, while standing at her side and looking down ardently into her upturned face was Davis."

"For a moment I could not speak and seemed glued to the floor, but Davis quickly advanced and, after a few polite inquiries about my health and his dear friend Whiting, pleaded an engagement and left."

"His presence in the house and his unmistakable love-like attitude made

it very painful for me to speak, but remembering the condition of poor Whiting and how heartbroken he seemed, I ventured to speak about Davis and asked where she had met him."

"Oh, I have only known him a few weeks," Davis said, "but he called on me by introduction from Dr. Whiting and said they were fellow students in the South. He has been most kind and attentive to me, and is teaching me some of his own songs." And she rattled on about his divine voice, while I sat speechless at the new complication of affairs."

"At last I blurted out, 'Would you kindly let me see the letter of introduction?' adding that Dr. Whiting had promised the letters to some of his friends in Europe and I wished to see his methods."

"I felt that this was a most feeble excuse, but could think of nothing else, and of course Miss Wiley was too polite to express her surprise at the strange request. Going to a dainty writing desk in the corner she came back and handed me the letter."

"There was no doubt of the chirography being exactly similar to Whiting's. I saw the same old fashioned capitals and crisp, sharp endings of each word, and as for the signature, his bank would have sworn to it. Besides, there was his crest and seal, which I now knew so well. I don't know what I said in thanking her, for my head was in a whirl, but I had enough sense to say good night and quickly withdrew."

"How Davis could have obtained the paper and seal, or how he had learned all those college scraps of Whiting's, I could not imagine. But I saw that his relations with Miss Wiley had gone so far that it would do no good for me to interfere, and that I should only be snubbed by her for my impertinence in meddling in other people's business."

"Whiting was out when I called at his rooms next morning, and his servant told me that he had gone to the country for a rest and left no address."

"It was perhaps a month afterward that he turned up at the club one night, looking more ghastly than ever. He would not say where he had been and positively declined to discuss the Davis matter."

"I knew he talked wildly about hypnosis and kindred subjects, until we thought his mind affected, and tried to calm him, but he grew more and more excited, until finally I saw him turn pale and clutch the back of a chair, and noticed a little stream of frothy blood oozing from between his clenched teeth as he staggered out of the room."

"I jumped up from the sofa and followed as quickly as I could, but when I reached the front door he was gone, and I met Davis just coming in. He leaned leisurely into the cafe and leaned against the mantelpiece. To my excited inquiries about Whiting he simply smiled and said he had not noticed him coming out, but I saw him scratching a small red spot from his cuff with his finger nail and felt sure they must have met."

"Gentlemen," said Davis, in his drawling voice, "beg your pardon, but I am a little out of breath, and would like to rest a moment, and pardon my not mentioning Miss Wiley's name in the club. Steward, please take the orders."

"Most of us refused to drink with him, for we despised the man, and I left him chatting with a few of his particular cronies and went up to Whiting's room. I heard afterward that Davis left very shortly after I did."

"Whiting had not come home and I spent the night hunting through hotels, police stations, hospitals and even the Morgue, for I felt sure that he had ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs, which must quickly prove fatal. But I could find no trace of him, and finally, utterly worn out, went to my rooms to toss about until midway with a horrible nightmare, in which Whiting and Davis were struggling in one another's grasp, each striving to kill the other."

"At lunch I picked up a morning paper and scanned the society news listlessly until my eyes lit upon the rumored engagement of Dr. J. H. Davis, formerly of New Orleans, and Miss Isabelle Wiley, the well known belle, &c."

"I was musing over the strange vicissitudes of fate and wondering what had become of poor Whiting. Suddenly a newsboy rushed into the restaurant calling extras, and the first heading I saw was:

"Sudden death of Dr. Davis. I eagerly read the usual detailed account of how he had been found that morning dead in his bed, evidently, the paper stated, from a ruptured blood vessel, as the bed clothing and carpets were saturated with blood, but no wound was found on his body."

"Strangely enough, he lived in one of the old tenements back of Whiting's home, and measurements which I made subsequently showed that his rooms and Whiting's must have been on similar floors and directly back to back. Remembering the stolen note-paper I tried to find some entrance between the two houses, but the walls were solid, and even the wall papers showed naught but a few little cracks due to their many years' surviving."

"This, gentlemen," said Dr. De Forrest, drawing his glass and taking up his hat and cane from the sofa, "is a story of actual life, and if any of you have an explanation to offer I should be happy to hear it."

We could say nothing for a moment, and then the irrepressible Merton found his tongue. "But how about Dr. Whiting?" he asked.

"As for him, gentlemen," said Dr. De Forrest, solemnly, as he stood by the open door, "I know nothing further except that he was never found. But I have my theory. Good night!" And he closed the door.

Public Drinking Troughs.
Public drinking troughs for horses are condemned by a well-known veterinary surgeon on the ground that they propagate certain diseases peculiar to horses.

The Shovel Fish.
The shovel fish is so called because it uses its nose to turn over the mud at the bottom of the sea in quest of the worms and small shellfish on which it feeds.

Snake 150 Miles a Day.
Laplanders think nothing of covering 150 miles a day on their snakes.

OUR EQUINE FRIENDS

TIM'S HORSE TALK.
Some Hints Worthy of Observation by the Horse Owner.

When a horse does not thrive on ordinarily good feed and care it shows that something is wrong. Its digestion is not good, it has worms, or its teeth are in bad condition. Have the teeth examined first. If they are sharp and undamaged, level them with a float. Feed with bran, ground flaxseed, and oats or cut hay. A few potatoes or potato parings are good. Also carrots feed once each day.

Be sure that the mangers are sweet and clean. Sour mangers are an abomination to a horse.

If you have not "cleaned house" in the horse stable do it the first wet day when you cannot work on the land. Scrub the stable out thoroughly with warm water in which some potash has been dissolved, and whitewash the sides and ceilings and wash the windows.

Every farmer who keeps horses should have a patch of carrots. They cost less than oats per bushel, and if one bushel of carrots be fed with two bushels of oats they will do the horse much more good than if three bushels of oats were fed raw. Raise some this year and try them.

Do not stuff your horse with hay; it is a waste as well as an injury to the horse.

Working or driving when the stomach is filled with hay is very liable to cause broken wind or heaves.

If your horse has been worked or driven very hard, always let him rest awhile before being fed.

Be patient with colts. The nervous colt will make the most trustworthy horse.

If he sees everything on the road it is a proof of his intelligence, and as soon as he realizes that he will not be hurt, his shyness can be overcome.

A low, kind voice and a firm hand will soon inspire his confidence, and when you are reasonably sure of his prompt obedience in most cases of emergency.

Never lose your temper when handling a colt. If you do the injury to his manners may be irreparable.

Whenever you feel tempted to speak irritably to a horse, just stop and ask yourself how you would relish being spoken to in the same tone.

Horses do not understand all words as clearly as men, but detect an irritating tone of voice even more readily.

"I spoiled a good horse by driving over a piece of board with a nail sticking up through it," said a friend lately. Look out for such things. And if the horse limp or seem loath to go, don't whip him. Alight and investigate the situation for a cause.

To Break a Colt.
Breaking the colt—Turn him loose, either in box stall or carriage house and with the whip in the right hand, slowly approach him and crack the whip. The colt will run away from you and generally will go into the corner. Follow him up and keep cracking the whip until he will turn his head toward you. The moment he does this, step right up to him and caress him on the point of the shoulder. If he should, as you near him, whirl around and kick at you, keep your eyes open and quickly give him a sharp cut on the hind legs with the whip. By following this up carefully, in a very short time he will learn to his sorrow that when he turns away from you and attempts to let his heels fly, he receives punishment, and that when he looks you in the face he is treated well and rewarded. The intelligence of any colt is always sufficient to perceive this, and in 30 minutes he will follow you like a dog.

Have the stable doors extra high and wide. Horses dislike to bow the head when going in at a door too low for them, and there is great danger of skittish horses striking the upper door facing with their heads. This makes them shy of low doors ever after. The door should not be less than 6½ feet high, and seven would be better. Where a tall man has to stoop, a horse sometimes strikes himself, especially if the stable is allowed to get very full of bedding. The door, itself, the shutter, need not be so tall. In fact, it is best to have it six inches or so shorter than the hole, in order to give ventilation and plenty of fresh air in summer.

And the width of the stable door is important, too. Narrow doors are dangerous to the safety of a young or shy horse.

Horse Sense.
Match horses with reference to size and motion and color if you can.

Never check a horse, except while training, if you wish to have him last long.

Feed in low mangers, water and oats to be given first, hay afterwards.

Stop at the top of a hill and let your horse get breath.

Wet the hay and not the oats for a coughing horse.

Never let a horse stand long facing a cold wind.

Feed light when changing feed.

Remove the shoes from the horses that are to be idle all winter and keep them off plank or cement floors.

The present is the most opportune time that has ever occurred for breeding good heavy draft and stylish coach horses.

Bone Spavin.
A remedy for a bone spavin. The remedy is to have it fired by a qualified veterinary surgeon. If one cannot be found, try the following: Mix 1 dr. biniodide of mercury, 2 dr. cathartides and 2 oz. lard. Rub a third of this on the lump, let it remain 24 hours, then wash off. In two weeks, apply a little more in the same way, and so on. Give the animal at least 3 months rest after the blistering.

To Prevent Pawing.
To prevent pawing in the stall buckle a strap around the horse's leg just above the knee. Tie one end of a trace chain 7 inches long and a small block of wood 6 inches long and 2 inches in diameter. Let the chain hang from the strap in front of the horse's leg. When he attempts to paw, the block will strike his shin and cause him to wonder what it is; in a few minutes he will stop.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 P. M. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 P. M. All are invited.

FITZWILL BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. Robert L. Dunston, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 11:45 A. M. Junior Christian Endeavor meeting at 3:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer and social meeting Friday evening.

OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.
Church hall, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday, at 10:30 A. M., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion, first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00 P. M. Holy days, 8:30 A. M. Evensong, Sundays, 3:00 P. M. Fridays, Ember days, in chapel at 5:00 P. M. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 P. M. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

CHRIST CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.
Madison street, head of Austin street, Rev. Charles LeV. Brine, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 A. M., Sunday school at 12:00 P. M., evensong at 7:30 P. M. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 A. M., evensong (daily) at 5:00, on Friday, evensong at 7:30 P. M., holy communion, Thursday at 7:30 A. M. On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9:00 A. M., evensong at 7:30 P. M. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
State street, Rev. Wm. Warren, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00. Preaching service 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Court street, Rev. Myron Tyler, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6:30 P. M. Evening service at 7:30 P. M. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—UNIVERSALIST.
Pleasant street, corner Jenkins avenue, Rev. Curtis Hoyt Dickins, minister. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 A. M. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the church. Strangers are especially welcome.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 3:00 P. M. All are invited.

ADVENT CHURCH.
C. M. Seamans, pastor. Social service at 10:30 A. M. Preaching at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Loyal Workers meeting at 6:00 P. M. Prayer service at 7:15 P. M. All are invited.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 3:00 P. M.

PEOPLE'S MISSION.
South ward room, Rev. A. W. Adams, pastor. Sunday school at 3:00 P. M. Praise meeting at 7:30 P. M. Preaching at 8:00 P. M. Praise and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00. Cottage meeting on Friday evening at 8:00. The public are cordially invited to attend these services, which are free to all.

Y. M. C. A.
Association rooms open from 9:00 to 10:30 A. M. and from 1:00 to 6:00 P. M. Men's meeting at 4:00 P. M. Open week days from 9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.

SALVATION ARMY.
Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 A. M. Holiness meeting at 10:00 A. M. Free and easy at 3:00 P. M. Salvation meeting at 8:00 P. M.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.
Rev. E. W. Kennison, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:00 P. M.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.
Rev. D. F. Faulkner, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 P. M. Evening service at 7:30. All are cordially invited.


SECOND CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KITTERY.
Rev. J. G. Dutton, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 11:45 A. M. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:00 P. M. All are welcome.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.
Rev. Geo. W. Brown, pastor. Sunday school at 10:00 A. M. Prayer meeting at 11:30 A. M. Preaching at 2:00 and 7:30 P. M. All are welcome.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.
Rev. E. W. Kennison, pastor. Sunday school at 1:00 P. M. Preaching at 2:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M.

PERFECTION.

A Machine Which Writes The YOST Uses no Ribbon prints direct upon the paper.



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The New No. 4 Yost Type-Writer

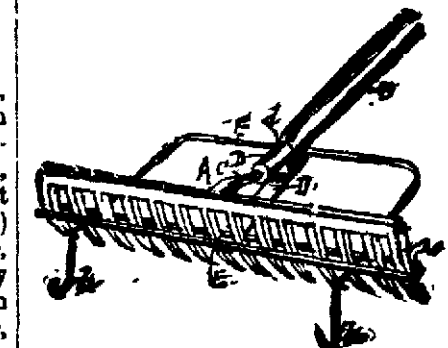
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The acme of perfection in a lawn and garden rake. You can rake for hours with this rake and dead leaves and grass cannot clog.

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1898, The New Year Will
Be Opened By Unusual Bar-
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CLOAKS.
If You Want a Good Win-
ter Garment Very Cheap
Come And See Us.
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You Take It?

After having consulted your phy-
sician, the question often arises,
where shall I take my prescription?
You should go to the best druggist
that you know—one who will use only
the best drugs and will not fill it if
he hasn't the right kind. Go where
you will always find experienced
graduates in charge, who will over-
see each prescription and exercise
the greatest care in dispensing. Our
prescription department is conduct-
ed in this careful manner.

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36 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.
SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1899.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending Jan. 25th, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Greenland—Ralph Hall to Henry Hart, land and buildings, \$240, deeded in 1841; Ida J. Manson, Kittery, Me., to M. O. Hall, rights in certain premises, \$1; Fred O. Hart, Taunton, Mass., to Micajah O. Hall, rights in same premises, \$1; Lydia F. Page, North Hampton, to last grantee, rights in same premises, \$1; George and J. Clement Weeks to Henry Hart, rights in certain premises, \$215, deeded in 1866.

Portsmouth—John W. Emery, et als., to Robert H. Hall, land on Richards avenue \$1; John W. Emery, et als., to Charles L. Simpson, land on Richards avenue, \$1; John W. Emery, et als., to Everett M. Fisher, land on Miller avenue, \$1; Ellen J. Manning to Charles H. Manning, land and buildings corner Barkett and Thornton streets, \$1.

A GOOD PROJECT.

A movement is on foot to petition the general government to place lights on the Dover Point bridge, marking the opening under the big span, and also at the draw, as an aid to the navigation of the river at this dangerous point after dark. That lights are needed on the bridge structure is the opinion of everyone who has a knowledge of the tortuous and swift running tides of the upper Piscataqua, and that many lives that have been lost from boats crashing against the bridge would have been saved had there been lights to mark the openings in the structure. We hope the efforts of the gentlemen interested in the movement will be successful and that the petition about to be started will be signed by all the citizens of the river towns.

PROBATE COURT.

The following is a part of the business transacted at the last session of the probate court for Rockingham county, for the week ending Jan. 25th:

Administration Granted—In estates of Margaret Geiger, Portsmouth, Wolfgang Geiger, administrator; Mary L. Batson, Newcastle, Samuel Batson, Chester, administrator de bonis non.

Inventories Filed—In estates of Jeremiah C. Woodsum Portsmouth; Caroline E. Warner, North Hampton, ward; Mehitable A. Storer, Portsmouth.

Guardian Appointed—Peter Fullam over Mary C. Richard, Margaret and Annie Fullam, Portsmouth.

How it Hurts

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's PILLS cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

WILL DEWEY DO IT?

The York Courant is very much elated over the report that Admiral Dewey has purchased thirty acres on Gerrish island, and will erect a handsome villa there soon. The admiral is a son-in-law of the late Isat Goodwin, at one time governor of New Hampshire. Should the admiral be placed upon the retired list in 1900 there is no doubt he can find great pleasure in the home to be erected in the good old state of Maine, and Portsmouth only a few miles away.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, out advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

SUCCEEDS LANE.

O. Hall, formerly telegraph operator at Kittery Point, has been appointed night operator in place of James Lane, at Hampton, who was arrested there recently and bound over to appear at the April term of court.

NOTICE—K. OF P.

The members of the Knights of Pythias are requested to send cake to Franklin hall on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 31st, between three and five o'clock.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Buckle Blood Bitters is the natural, nerve-aiding remedy for a lazy liver.

EDITH'S ROMANCE

Married Against Wishes of Her Mother—Now Bitterly Repentant.

Edith Williams was too young to marry and her friends told her so, but what mattered that to her. She was in love and in spite of all that her friends and relatives could say against it. She married in haste and is now repenting at leisure.

In March of '96 a man by the name of Burnette came here from nobody knows where and rented the store now occupied by Graham and McIntosh. He was a middle-aged man of good appearance and did quite a fair business for a few months in peddling sewing machines. He was accustomed to taking a machine on his wagon and going out into the country and place it in some farm house for trial. Later he would return and try and convince the good housewife with whom he left the machine that it was indispensable to her. Sometimes he was successful and often times not.

During his rounds in Kittery he called at the house of Mrs. Francis Williams. There he left a machine and also a lasting impression upon the mind of little Edie Williams, who was then but a few months over the age of 15. The next time he called Edie's mother was out and Burnette stopped rather longer than his business required and further strengthened the admiration for him that was budding in Edie's youthful mind. The courtship proceeded but a few days when Burnette proposed marriage and was accepted.

The wooing was so swift that Edith's mother had but little chance to object. They were quietly married and then the storm broke loose. The readers of this paper will recall to mind the excitement the town was thrown in by the threats of Mrs. Williams to have Burnette arrested for abduction. The latter locked his bride in the little room in the rear of his place of business on Congress street and defied any one to take her away. Mr. Williams tried it one afternoon but failed and then things quieted down.

Burnette's business was hurt by the publicity of the romance and he soon after sold out and moved to Lewiston where he opened a candy store. Later he went to Bangor and from there to Boston.

A year after the marriage twins were born and the troubles of the girl mother commenced. Her husband neglected her and the advice of her friends came home to her with all its bitter force. Why had she not taken their advice and waited until she was old enough to decide. She had never loved her husband. It was nothing but a girlish infatuation and his neglect had almost driven her to hate him.

Months of unhappiness followed. The twins look sick and were a cause of continuous anxiety to her until they closed their little eyes for the last time.

After that the loneliness of it all caused her to weep tears of bitter anguish and as she was forced to provide for herself decided to leave her husband and return to the town of her birth. This she did some days ago, only to find that her father was living in Philadelphia and her mother unable to provide even for herself. She tried to obtain work but was unsuccessful. The only thing left was to ask for assistance and a call was paid County Commissioner deRochemont. As they were natives of Maine and the husband and father duty bound to support them, the county official did not feel it his duty to make the people of Portsmouth provide for them. He, however, furnished them both with tickets to Philadelphia and gave them money enough to live until they could find and claim the protection and assistance of Mr. Williams.

POOL TOURNAMENT

The result of games played in the P. A. C. pool tournament on Friday was as follows:

Conner defeated Tobey, 100 to 60; Parker defeated Cotton, 100 to 98. Cotton defeated Pathic, 100 to 94. Cotton defeated Tobey, 100 to 70. Cotton defeated Frost, 100 to 77.

No games were played in the whist tournament on Friday evening.

POLICE COURT

Joseph Roberts, a well known man, was arraigned before Judge Emery this morning and pleaded guilty to being drunk. He was adjudged guilty and ordered to be confined to the County house of correction at Brentwood for the term of six months and to pay costs of prosecution.

RUNAWAY.

The horse of Isiah Churchill ran away on Pleasant street this afternoon, throwing out the contents of the wagon and smashing a few spokes in the wheels.

A BEAUTY.

Mr. Harry Foote, while in Vermont, bought a finely bred Jersey heifer, 4 years old for W. E. Chesley of this city. The animal arrived yesterday.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Timmons went to Dover on Friday.

Mr. Arthur F. Green of Exeter was a visitor here on Friday.

Mr. Michael J. Dailey is seriously ill at his home on Brewster street.

Miss Elmore Simmons of Boston is the guest of friends at her old home here.

Miss Lizzie Ewer of Exeter is visiting friends in this city, her former residence.

Mr. Harold E. Noyes will sing the solo at the Unitarian morning service on Sunday.

Miss Nellie Buckley of Newburyport is the guest of Miss Nora Flynn on State street.

Tobias E. Burke, Esq., of the Portland "Argus," was in town on Friday on a brief visit.

I. P. Miller, associate editor of the Times, is confined to his home by an attack of the grippe.

Mr. John Torrey of Newfields, who has been seriously ill, is reported as being more comfortable.

Manager Charles P. Berry and Supt. George Kirvan of the Portsmouth Shoe Co., were in Boston on Friday.

Mr. John Yarwood is the guest of friends at Milton Mills, and Mrs. Yarwood is visiting at Dover Point.

Mr. Arthur Shannon of Brockton, Mass., who has been here on a brief visit, returned home on Friday.

H. H. Jacobi of Newburyport was here on Friday evening and attended the P. C. C. minstrel overture and dance.

Mr. Arthur G. Abbott, night operator at the Boston & Maine station in Dover, passed Friday at his home in this city.

Conductor Burke of the Eastern division of the Boston & Maine railroad, is suffering with an attack of la grippe and Conductor Charlesworth is running his train.

Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, P. R., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception will on October 20, 1900, have been pastor of the Portsmouth church a quarter of a century.

Mrs. Jennie Eckman and daughter, Miss Letta, of Allston, Mass., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Rand of Miller avenue, returned home on Friday evening.

Miss Mary Drake of this city, who has been taking instructions in shorthand and type writing at the Bliss Commercial college here, has accepted a position in the branch at Saratoga, and left on Friday afternoon to assume the duties.

WATER FRONT

The tug Howell went to Boston on Thursday evening to bring the barge Newmarket to this port, but as the tug had not arrived back Friday afternoon with its tow, it was believed that she had put into Gloucester on account of the gale which prevailed outside.

Barge No. 10 sailed today for New York.

Keeper W. T. Eatwistle of the barge Iron State received word on Friday that the Atlantic Transportation Co., had decided to bond the various barges now attached for the various salaries of the crews.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

Officers of Portsmouth Council, No. 8, O. U. A. M., were installed at the regular meeting on Friday evening by W. E. Walton of Seabrook, state deputy of the order, as follows:

Conn., F. W. Joslyn;
V. Conn., Arthur F. Woodsum;
Sr. Ex. C., T. D. Spinney;
Jr. Ex. C., J. E. Harrold;
Treas., J. W. Marden;
I. P., E. W. Voudy;
O. P., W. P. Gardner;
Ind., Thos. Parham;
Ex., G. W. Kimball;
Trustee, C. W. Frothingham.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A young son of Wesley Badger of Newington narrowly escaped death on Friday. While the child's mother's back was turned it got hold of a bottle of cough syrup and drank nearly all of its contents. A physician was summoned from this city and after several hours' work the little one was pronounced out of danger.

Y M C A

There will be services for men in the U. V. U. hall Sunday afternoon at four o'clock under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association. Rev. G. W. Gile will be the speaker and all men are invited.

SAILORS ARRIVE

A detail of twelve sailors in charge of Boatwaine Hennessy, arrived Friday afternoon from the U. S. receiving ship Walabach at Charlestown for the U. S. S. Alliance at the navy yard.

TARLTON INQUEST RESUMED.

Murderer Parks Will Not Be Brought Back for Arraignment.

Frank Parks, the murderer of Mrs. Mary E. Tarlton, was not brought to Kittery today, to be re-arraigned on the charge of murder.

At 11 o'clock a double team was seen coming up Otis avenue, and the shouts of "Here he comes" went up, but the crowd that had gathered in front of the little lockup to get a look at the murderer, were sadly disappointed as the team contained County Attorney William B. Matthews of Saco and Coroner Freeman C. Ham of Berwick.

These gentlemen alighted from the team, Mr. Ham entering the lockup and Mr. Matthews the home of Town Clerk Frank E. Donnell.

In an interview with Coroner Ham, he told a Herald man that Frank Parks would probably never be brought back to Kittery to be re-arraigned. He said, though, that there was a possible chance of his being given a hearing in that town.

At the time of the arrival of the coroner and county attorney the lockup was crowded to the doors by an anxious throng in hopes that the murderer would be brought back that they might get a look at him, but before the inquest began Coroner Ham asked that the room be cleared of everyone, excepting the witnesses and jurors and in less than one minute the large crowd filed out of door a very sadly disappointed lot.

At 11:30 o'clock, the court room cleared, proceedings then went on in the inquest. The only witness of importance examined was Dr. Edward E. Shapleigh, who was the first physician called to attend the unfortunate woman on the night of the terrible tragedy. Dr. Shapleigh showed a human skull with the wounds of the unfortunate old lady traced in red ink.

At 12:45 the coroner informed the jurors that all the facts in the case of Mrs. Tarlton's death had been placed before them and they retired to formulate a report.

County Attorney Matthews told a Herald man that none of the testimony at the inquest this morning would be given out for publication just yet.

Coroner Ham, when asked why Parks was not brought back to Kittery, said he did not think it was necessary.

"Do you think Mr. Ham, that the authorities are afraid that Parks will escape if he is brought back to Kittery?" "Escape would be an impossibility," was the reply. "He is carefully guarded every minute and if we needed him here in Kittery would not hesitate to bring him back."

Great interest will be manifested when this case comes up on trial in Alfred at the next term of court.

RICE AND BARTON

Pretty girls, lovely costumes, fine dancing and excellent staging, combined with clever comedians and bright comedy work, high class specialties brisk in action, witty conversations and clever hits at the popular fads of the day, such comprise the attractive programme presented this season by Rice and Barton with their "McDoodle's Flats" comedy. J. K. Mullen, the versatile Irish comedian has a repertoire of new songs and is a past master in eccentric comedy and oddities. Gathered around him is a company of twenty five vaudeville and farce comedy artists each of whom is a star in his or her respective line. This comedy will occupy the stage of Music hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, and seats are now on sale at Grace's.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THIRTY SEVEN YEARS ON THE STAGE.

Mrs. Georgia Dickson, who plays "Mrs. Callender", the old Scotch philanthropist, in support of Viola Allen in "The Christian", has been thirty-seven years on the American stage. She made her debut in the Theater Royal in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. She is one of the most talented actresses in America, being most successful in eccentric character roles.

VIOLETS! VIOLETS!

You are not in style without a bunch on your hat or bonnet. Call at Moore's and see styles and prices.

CITY BRIEFS.

This year should be a bargain for reasons you'll divine; It looks like 1900 Mark'd down to '99
—Chicago Record.

Tomorrow will be Septuagesima Sunday.

This is bad weather for colds and the grip.

Robert Kirkpatrick has engaged offices in Congress block and is to go into insurance business.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Hon. Frank Jones has been chosen one of the directors of the Maine Mile Track association of Portland.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

The adjourned hearing on the electric railroad called at the city rooms on Friday evening, failed to materialize for the want of a quorum, but four aldermen putting in an appearance.

Portsmouth is the only stop made by the Bar Harbor express, which leaves Boston at 7:45 every evening, Sundays excepted, and arrives in Portland at 10:45. The people of Newburyport have been trying without success to have the train stop there.

Officers Robinson and Burns discovered a man asleep on the pavement near the upper end of the depot at about midnight, Friday and took him to the station house. He was bare-headed and partly covered by an ulster. He was under the influence of liquor which was the cause of his seeking such a cold bed chamber.

As a result of the present difficulties of the Atlantic transportation company, the big four-masted barge Knickerbocker, built at Bath in 1893, and owned by the Knickerbocker towing company, but under charter to the defunct transportation concern, will be sold at public auction at East Boston today, by order of the mortgagee. The Knickerbocker is one of the finest barges on the coast. She registers 2366 tons and has a carrying capacity of 4300 tons of coal.

THE GRIM REAPER, DEATH.

A local undertaker reported on Friday that he had attended twenty-eight funerals in this and sundry towns thus far during the present month, and that his services had been required for six other interments in the next three days.

DESIGNER AND DECORATOR.

An opportunity to furnish plans and estimates for all kinds of

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Is sufficient to convince all that it is wise to consult me.

Best of reference for high class work.

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I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Duggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Sleighs Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

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Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

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Men's Odds and Ends of Blacks and Russsets, \$2.50 and \$3.00, now.....	90c	Men's Patent Leathers, \$3.50 marked down to.....	\$2.00
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Men's Black Lace, \$1.50 marked to.....	\$1.24	Ladies' Slippers, \$1.25 and \$1.00, now.....	40c
Men's Black Lace, \$2.50 marked to.....	\$1.90	Ladies' Button and Lace, sizes 21-2, 3 and 3 1/2, former price \$2.50, now.....	90c
Men's Congress, \$2.50 and \$2.00 marked down to.....	\$1.49	Other Small Sizes of \$2.00 Shoes.....	40c
Men's Willow Calif. \$6.00 marked down to.....	\$3.00	50 Pairs of Misses' 19 and 13 1/2, Spring Models, \$1.50 and \$1.25, now.....	50c